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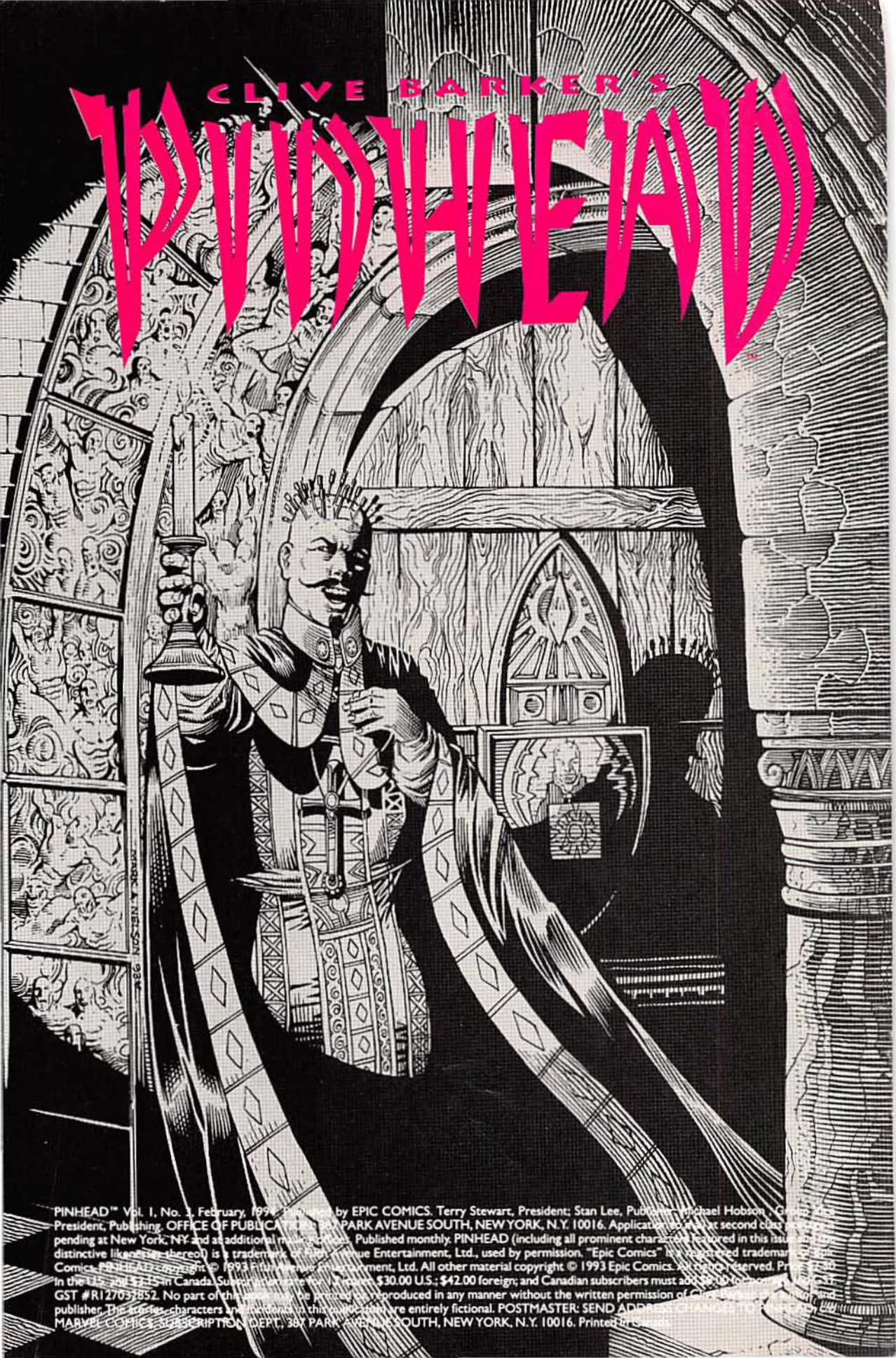
CLIVE BARKER'S

PINHEAD™



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PINHEAD™ Vol. 1, No. 1, February, 1993. Published by EPIC COMICS. Terry Stewart, President; Stan Lee, Publisher; Michael Hobson, General Manager; President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 300 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Application for a second class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. PINHEAD (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of Epic Comics Entertainment, Ltd., used by permission. "Epic Comics" is a registered trademark of Epic Comics. PINHEAD is a registered trademark of Epic Comics Entertainment, Ltd. All other material copyright © 1993 Epic Comics. All rights reserved. Price: \$2.50 in the U.S. and \$3.25 in Canada. Subscriptions: \$24.00 U.S.; \$30.00 U.S.; \$42.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add \$10.00 per year. GST #R127037852. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any manner without the written permission of Clive Barker or his publisher. The characters and events in this publication are entirely fictional. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO: EPIC COMICS, SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., 300 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Printed in the U.S.A.

'ROUND ABOUT LEGACY,
COLORADO.

SOME TIME
CLOSE TO 1879.

DON'T MISS
OUT ON
ANY, FAN
DANCER!

I'VE GOT
THEM ALL,
BALBERITH...
ALL THAT'S
LEFT OF
HIM!

WILL IT BE ENOUGH TO HELP SCARRED
HIDE? HELP HIM STOP THIS THING-
OF-MANY-PARTS FROM UNDOING
ALL OF HELL?

OH, THERE'S PLENTY
MORE OF AGGREGATE, GIRLY...
IF NOT HERE, SCHEMING
SOMEWHERE ELSE IN TIME!

HARD TO SAY FOR
CERTAIN, OF COURSE...
AND SURPRISING TO
FIND YOU SO CONCERNED
ABOUT SEEING DOWN
BELOW STAY TOGETHER!

IT'S NOT THE
IDEA A' HELL THAT
CATCHES ME, MA'AM...
IT'S THE IDEAL! COMIN'
FROM BACK EAST,
TRAVELIN' THE
WAGON TRAIN...

...I WAS ONE
A' THE FEW WOMEN
ALONG FOR THE RIDE.
WASN'T SURPRISIN'
TO FIND MYSELF
THE CENTER A'
ATTENTION...

...WHAT WAS
SURPRISIN' WAS THE
FEELIN' IT GAVE ME! AT
NIGHT, WITH THE SMOKE
FROM THE FIRE, THE
STEAM OFF THEM
BODIES --

--IT WAS LIKE
I WAS SOME KINDA
PAGAN GODDESS!
NEW FEELIN' LIKE
THAT GOT ME THINKIN'
TOWARD OTHER
EXPERIENCES.

GOT ME LOOKIN' INTO THE SUFFERERS'
GUILD... AN' WANTIN' TO KNOW MORE
ABOUT YOU CENOBITES!

NOW I KNOW MORE, KNOW
ABOUT THE LIKES A' ATKINS...
AN' KNOW I LOST 'IM,
TOO!

THAT'S
NOT CERTAIN,
GIRLY...



...THERE'S STILL TIME TO TURN THINGS AROUND!

MEANWHILE, LET ME TELL A STORY FROM MY BOOK, ONE TO TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR OWN TROUBLES!

THIS ONE'S ABOUT SLEEPING BEAUTY, ALONE IN THE DEEP DARK FOREST...

...ALONE, THAT IS, UNTIL A CHARMING PRINCE CAME TO WAKE HER FROM HER DEEP SLUMBER!

-- AS DID THE PRINCE, RAPING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY AGAIN AND AGAIN.

THE PRINCE'S CHARMS FELL SHORT OF THE JOB, BUT THAT DIDN'T MATTER MUCH! THE RULING CLASS ALWAYS TAKES ADVANTAGE--

THE QUEEN CAME BY OFTEN IN THE TIME-IN-BETWEEN, KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE ON THE GIRL'S PREGNANCY.

FINALLY, THE BEAUTY OPENED HER EYES, BROUGHT OUT OF HER SLEEP BY THE GENTLE NIPS OF THREE OF HER BABIES...

...AND THE MEWLING SQUEAL OF THE FOURTH AS THE PRINCE'S MOTHER FILLED HER BELLY AFTER WAITING SO MANY HUNGRY MONTHS.

NOOO!





THAT'S... THAT'S
A TERRIBLE
STORY.

WHERE'S
THE--THE
HAPPY
ENDING...?



HAPPY
ENDINGS. SO
FEW AND FAR
BETWEEN, MY
DEAR.

I KNOW...
ALL TOO
WELL, I
KNOW.



THEY ADDED
MOST OF THEM
TO THE TALES
LATER.

IN THE ORIGINAL
TELLINGS, IT'S THE IN-
SCRUTABLE, INEXOR-
ABLE CHARACTER OF
CALAMITY THAT COMES
ACROSS.

TIME
FOR ME
TO GO!



BEAR IN MIND
THAT OUR EX-
ISTENCE IS
NOT ONE THAT
CAN BE PRE-
DICTED OR
EXPLAINED...
IT MUST
SIMPLY BE
ENDURED!

IT'S THAT
TRUTH THAT
MAKES THE
STORIES
SO
MOVING...

TRKOOOM

TEMPORAL ENERGIES
THUNDER.

YEARS SHUDDER
INTO MOVEMENT, A
CURRENT OF TIME
CARRYING HELL'S
LIBRARIAN BACK,
...EVER BACK.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MEDARD.

PARIS IN THE
YEAR 1728.

WATCH
CAREFULLY NOW,
MONSIGNOR... THIS
IS WHY WE HAVE
ASKED THE HOLY
FATHER TO SEND
YOU TO US!

THE POOR AND FAITHFUL,
THE POOR AND HOPELESS,
THEY ALL COME TO THE
CHURCHYARD WITH
THEIR MALADIES...

...AND THOSE TOUCHED BY
WHAT IS AT WORK HERE IN
THE CHURCHYARD--

STINKS
IT DOES!

FOUL WITH
INFECTION!

--THE ONES WE CALL
THE CONVULSIONNAIRES,
THEY--

--YOU SEE ?!
WHAT ARE
THESE
"MIRACLES" ?

THE
QUESTION
THAT TEARS AT
OUR SOULS!

AS MAGISTRATE
DE MONTGERON SAYS!
WE HAVE NO WAY OF
KNOWING IF THESE
ACTS ARE THE WORK
OF HEAVEN OR
HELL!

NOT HELL,
FATHER
DE PAIGE.

ARE YOU
CERTAIN ?

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL


QUITE
CERTAIN.
NOT
HELL.

HE
WOULD
APPEAR
TO KNOW
OF WHAT
HE
SPEAKS!

THAT'S
WHAT
TROUBLES
ME,
MAGIS-
TRATE...


STORY BY D.G. CHICHESTER
AND ERIK SALTZGABER.
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CHIEF TOM DEFALCO





INSIDE-- THE
PAIN INSIDE--

A BATTLE FOR CONTROL
RAGES ON A PLANE
INSIDE THE MIND.




THIS IS MY
BODY, INTERLOPER!
I DEMAND
CONTROL OF IT
BACK!




I HAVE
EXPLAINED THE
NEED AT HAND,
SELF. A DANGER
THREATENS THE
HELL WE BOTH
CHERISH, THE
LEVIATHAN WE
BOTH LOVE.

I HUNT
THE ARCHITECT
OF THIS CALAMITY
AS HE JOURNEYS
BACK IN TIME--
AN ADVERSARY
CALLING ITSELF
AGGREGATE--



BUT YOUR
QUEST REQUIRES
YOU USURP THE
PHYSICAL BODIES
OF YOUR "PAST
INCARNATIONS"!

YES,
CHARLATAN,
I HAVE
HEARD YOUR
LIES-- AND I
TIRE OF
THEM!



PERHAPS I NEED
TO REFRESH MYSELF--
BY CARVING THE TRUTH
OUT OF YOUR PATHETIC,
PIERCED SKULL!

HELL. TODAY.

NEITHER A NICE
PLACE TO VISIT
OR LIVE.

SILENCE YOUR
SHREDDED TONGUE,
SINISTRARI, IF YOU
WANT IT TO REMAIN
IN WHAT'S LEFT OF
YOUR MOUTH!

ATKINS HAS
VANISHED INTO THE
ETHER, BALBERITH
STANDS AT THE DOOR
TO OBLIVION... WHICH
OF YOU SHALL BE
NEXT, CENOBITES?

OH GEHENNA,
GEHENNA, GEHENNA,
...I'VE SACRIFICED
MY BODY TO MAKE
THIS "TIME
MACHINE" WORK
ITS MAGIC!

DON'T YOU
THINK THAT MAKES
YOUR THREATS OF
SUFFERING JUST
A TINY BIT
PATHETIC?

LEAVE HIM
BE, GEHENNA!
THE INVENTOR
HAS STAGED A
TRAGEDY WE CAN
DO NOTHING ABOUT
BUT PLAY OUT TO ITS
CONCLUSION!

SINISTRARI'S
DUPLICITY HAS LEFT
OUR MASTER WITHOUT
HIS BODY! LEFT ALL
OF HELL WITH ONLY
HIS UNHOLY SPIRIT
TO TRAVEL BACK IN
OUR DEFENSE!

WILL IT BE ENOUGH,
FACE? OUR ADVERSARY
STEALS THE PUZZLE
CONFIGURATIONS THAT
MADE SO MANY
CENOBITES...

...STEALS THEM
BEFORE OUR
FELLOW DEMONS
CAME INTO
BEING!

AGGREGATE TAUNTS US
THROUGH THE AGES, AND
OUR RANKS THIN BE-
FORE OUR EYES...

YOU WANT
I SHOULD SHED
SOME TEARS,
GEHENNA?

I THINK MY DUCTS
ARE SOMEWHERE BE-
TWEEN THOSE GEARS
TO YOUR LEFT...

1728. WITHIN THE
WARRING MINDSCAPE.

NOW WE SHALL HEAR
THE TRUTH IN YOUR
SCREAMS, INTRUDER!

YOU MAKE
A TERRIBLE
ERROR, SELF.
YOUR ACTIONS
STRAY FROM
BLESSED ORDER,
INTO THE
BLASPHEMY
OF
ANARCHY.

SOME
TERRIBLE
FURY
ROILS
WITHIN...

I HAVE
HEARD STORIES OF THIS
"HOLY" EMISSARY, FATHER!
THE PATHS HE HAS WALKED
ARE THOSE THAT COME BACK
TO HAUNT A MAN LATER!

PERHAPS THE DARKNESS HE
HAS LONG EXPLORED ON BEHALF
OF THE VATICAN HAS FINALLY
CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

FEAR NOT FOR
THE MONSIGNOR'S
SOUL OR HIS BODY,
MAGISTRATE... I
HAVE THE
REMEDY FOR
BOTH!

YOUR
AID IS
TIMELY,
SISTER...

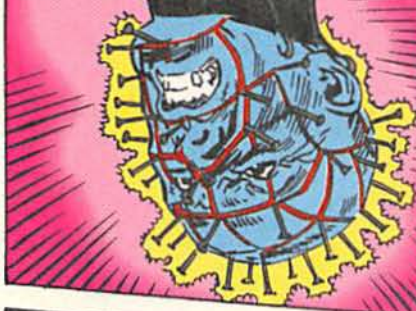
BALBERITH!
I'VE JOURNEYED
FROM... ROME... TO
BE WITH MY
MASTER AND
AID HIM IN HIS
MISSION!

THIS...
HOLY
OIL...

...IT
HAS
CURATIVE
PROPER-
TIES!

ON THE MINDSCAPE.

YOUR POWER IS GREAT
HERE WITHIN THE PLACE
YOUR SOUL WOULD BE,
MY PAST SELF...



SNRAAP



"...BUT I HAVE BEEN
TOUCHED BY AN
ESSENCE OF OUR
LORD LEVIATHAN
ITSELF.

SLAASH!



TEHINK!

THE OIL OF
VICISSITUDE
DISTILLED FROM
THE UNWORTHY
FLESH OUR
CRYSTALLINE
DEITY INGESTS.

YOU HAVE
MUCH KNOWLEDGE
OF MY GOD,
IMPOSTER!



BUT YOU
HAVE UNDER-
ESTIMATED
ME AS
YOUR
ENEMY!

WE
WILL MEET
AGAIN...
AND THE
GAME
THEN WILL
BE MUCH
DARKER
THAN
WHIPS
AND
CHAINS!

TO UNDERESTIMATE
YOU WOULD BE TO
UNDERESTIMATE MY-
SELF, DEAR "ENEMY".

FOR BOTH
OUR SAKES,
LET NEITHER
OF US
MAKE THAT
MISTAKE...





YOU ARE INDEED
A SAVIOR,
SISTER!

YOU'RE TOO
KIND, YOUNG
FATHER!

THE MONSIGNOR'S
LONG JOURNEY
HAS TIRED HIM...
I'LL TAKE HIM
TO HIS REST!



AND, AS ALWAYS, THE
EVENTS WITHIN THIS
CHURCHYARD HAVE
TIRED ME!

I MUST TAKE MY
LEAVE OF THEM,
FATHER DE PAIGE...
FORGIVE ME!

THAT
IS MY NATURE,
MAGIS-
TRATE! GOOD
DAY TO
YOU!



IS
THERE TO
BE A GOOD
DAY FOR ME,
FATHER?



THE
FLAMES...
DEAR
LORD IN
HEAVEN...



OR DO I
REMAIN TRAPPED HERE
WITH ALL THE OTHER
CONVULSIONNAIRES,
AWAY FROM MY LIFE
AND LOVED ONES...

... A FREAKISH
QUESTION NEVER TO
BE ANSWERED?

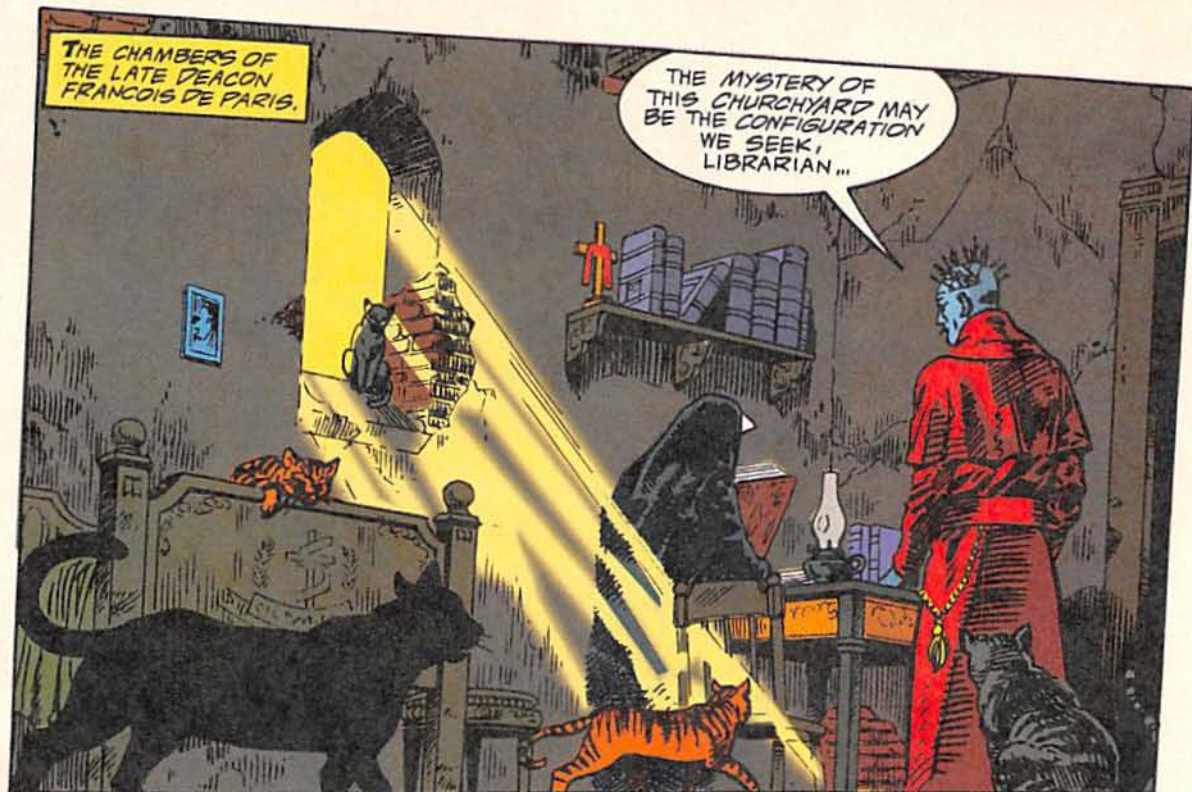


AGGREGATE HAS THE
ANSWERS TO THIS
MYSTERY OF GOOD
OR EVIL, FATHER...
SEEK HIM OUT
ON THE RUE
DE REVANCHE...

... GOOD
OR EVIL,
SEEK HIM
OUT ...

THE CHAMBERS OF
THE LATE DEACON
FRANCOIS DE PARIS.

THE MYSTERY OF
THIS CHURCHYARD MAY
BE THE CONFIGURATION
WE SEEK,
LIBRARIAN...

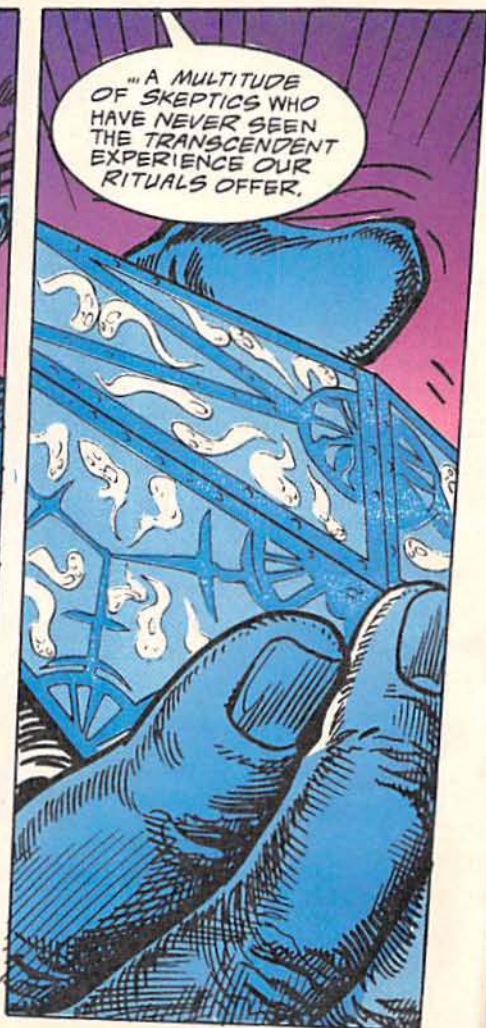


"THE NEXT
PUZZLE THIS
DISORDERLY
AGGREGATE
SEEKS FOR HIS
OWN MALICIOUS
PURPOSES."

NO TWO
OF THE PARTS
ARE FROM THE
SAME PERSON,
MASTER; THAT
MUCH IS
CLEAR!

I'M NOT
SURE THAT
HELPS US,
BALBERITH.
LEVIATHAN HAS
MANY FOES...

"A MULTITUDE
OF SKEPTICS WHO
HAVE NEVER SEEN
THE TRANSCENDENT
EXPERIENCE OUR
RITUALS OFFER."

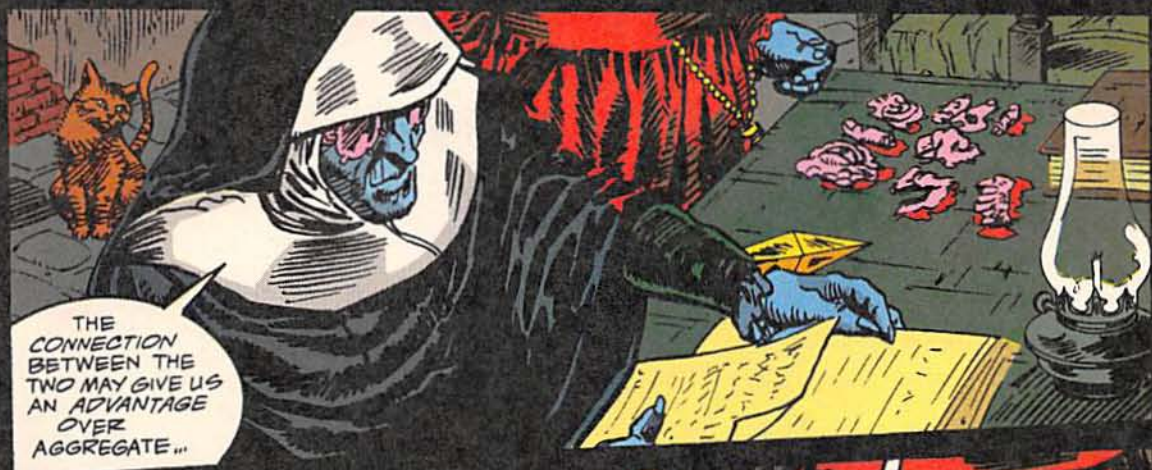




THE
DEACON LEFT
EXTENSIVE
WRITINGS AT
THE TIME
OF HIS
PASSING...



...AND THE TIME OF
HIS PASSING MARKS
THE BEGINNING OF
THE CONVULSIONNAIRES'
"MIRACLES".




THE
CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE
TWO MAY GIVE US
AN ADVANTAGE
OVER
AGGREGATE...



...PERHAPS
EVEN PROVIDE A
CLUE AS TO ITS
MALFORMED
NATURE!

MY THINKING
PRECISELY, LIBRARIAN.
I LEAVE THIS PART OF
THE PUZZLE TO YOU AND
YOUR CONSIDERABLE
RESEARCH SKILLS.


I HAVE A FEELING
WE WILL FIND THE
ANSWER IS RIGHT
HERE IN FRONT
OF US...



FATHER JEAN
DE PAIGE'S CHAMBERS.

AND HIS
NIGHTMARES.

AN ANCESTRAL TALE, WHISPERED AMONG
DRUNKEN RELATIVES, ALWAYS THOUGHT
TO BE APOCRYPHAL.




IN THE TIME OF
THE CRUSADES.

AND THE CENOBITE
GRILLIARD,
COME TO TORTURE
THEM BOTH
FOR THEIR TRANS-
GRESSIONS.

A LUSTFUL
PRIEST NAMED
ROBATAILLE.

HIS CONQUEST,
THE LADY
CARILLION.



THE DEAD LORD
CARILLION, RESURRECTED
TO BE MIDWIFE FOR HIS
PREGNANT WIFE.




NO,
HUSBAND!
I BEG
YOU!



NOOO!

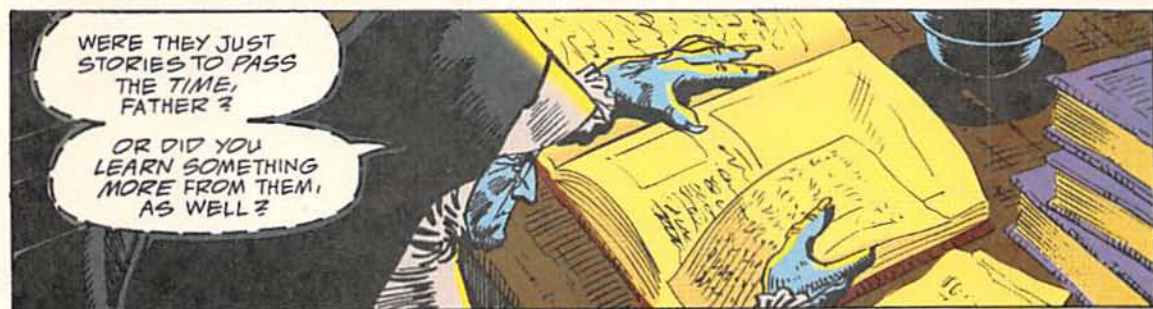
AND FINALLY THE CHILD, BORN OF EQUAL PARTS
OF BETRAYAL AND OBSESSION... THE OBSESSION
AT THE HEART OF SOLVING ANY OF HELL'S
PUZZLES.



A CHILD FATED
TO SIRE THE
ANCESTRAL LINE
THAT WOULD
BEGET A TORM-
MENTED MAN
IN SEARCH OF
SIMPLE TRUTHS.

OH SWEET
JESUS, I JUST
WANT TO KNOW...
GOOD OR
EVIL...

...I JUST
WANT TO
KNOW...



The boy turned
into an orange
that the Devil...

--demanded in payment
for his services.

... who trans-
formed into
a physician--

The boy turned into grain,
scattering out through
the Devil's fingers.

With a burst of
sulfur, the Devil
became a chicken,
pecking at the
loose grains.

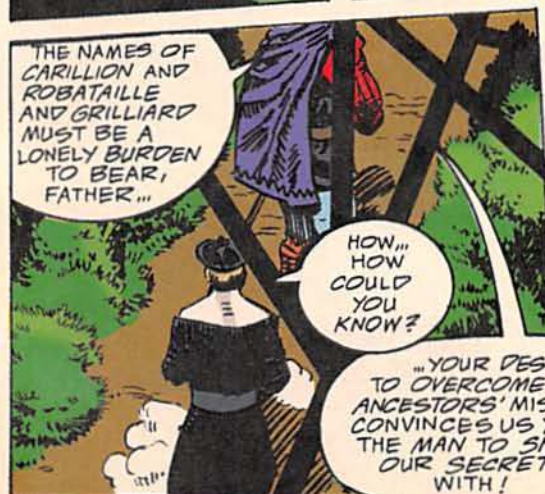
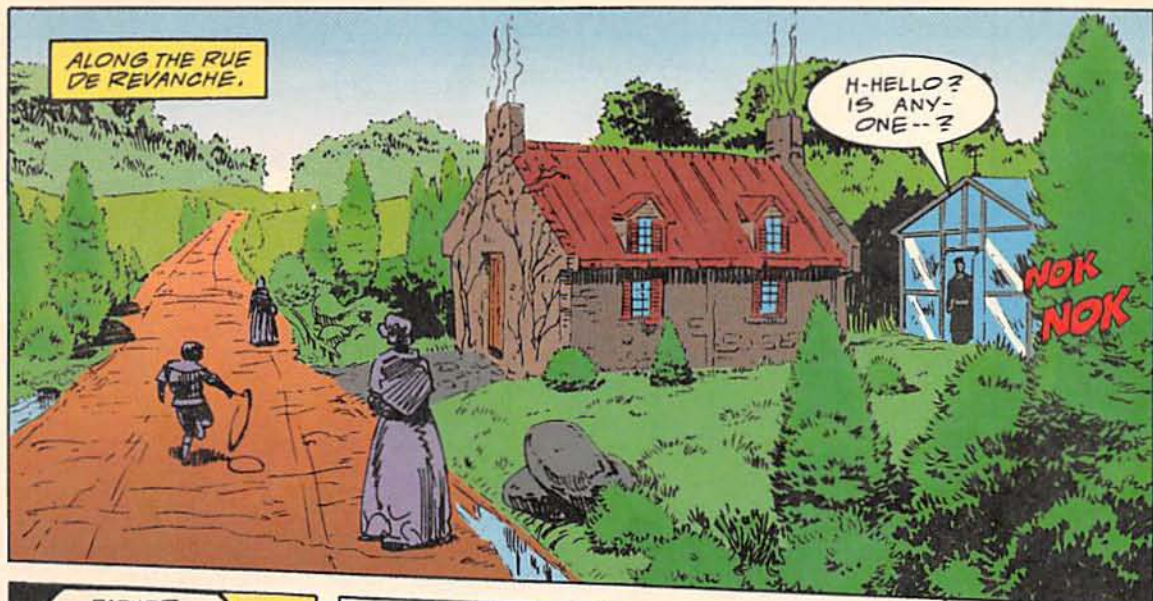
Just as the Devil was about
to gobble up the last grain,
the boy became a wolf--

--and promptly
gobbled up the
Devil.

STORY,
DEACON DEPARIS?
OR PARABLE?

PUT THE PIECES OF
GRAIN TOGETHER AND
THEY BECOME A
MISCHIEVOUS BOY.

PUT THE
PIECES OF
BODY TOGETHER
AND THEY
BECOME... ?



MADNESS, JEAN? WE SEE IT ONLY
AS A MEASURE OF SAFETY!

IT'S WELL KNOWN CATS
SERVE THE DEVIL. THE
ONLY WAY TO PROTECT
AGAINST THE EVIL
THEY REPRESENT IS
TO GET TO THEM
FIRST.



THIS...
THIS IS NOT
THE ANSWER
I WAS
PROMISED...

YOU WISH TO
KNOW OF HEAVEN
AND HELL, OF
GOOD AND
EVIL.

WE CAN'T
SAY FOR
CERTAIN
WHETHER
OR NOT WE
SERVE GOD,
BUT WE MOST
CERTAINLY
OPPOSE THE
WORK OF
LEVIATHAN!

NONE
FOR
ME...



DRINK,
FATHER... IT
WILL HELP
MAKE THE
DECISION
EASIER.

DO YOU
JOIN THIS
"MONSTER"...
OR THE
ONE SENT
FROM THE
VATICAN?



THE CHURCHYARD
OF ST. MEDARD...

SLAAM

THE
PELLUCID
LENS...

THE INTERLOCKING CRYSTALS.
ALIGN THEM INFERNALLY TO
CAST A BEAM THAT LEADS THE
WAY TO HELL.

THIS IS THE PUZZLE DEACON
DE PARIS WROTE OF IN HIS
PAPERS... AND I BELIEVE IS
WHAT YOUR ADVERSARY
SEARCHES FOR IN THIS
TIME!

YOU'VE DONE WELL,
LIBRARIAN... BUT YOU
APPEAR TROUBLED.
WHAT CONCERNS
YOU?

MEMORIES, MASTER.
THE PELLUCID IS THE
CONFIGURATION THAT
OPENED MY OWN
DOOR TO HELL...

MOMMY WILL
NEVER LEAVE YOU,
JEREMY... MOMMY
WILL ALWAYS
BE HERE!

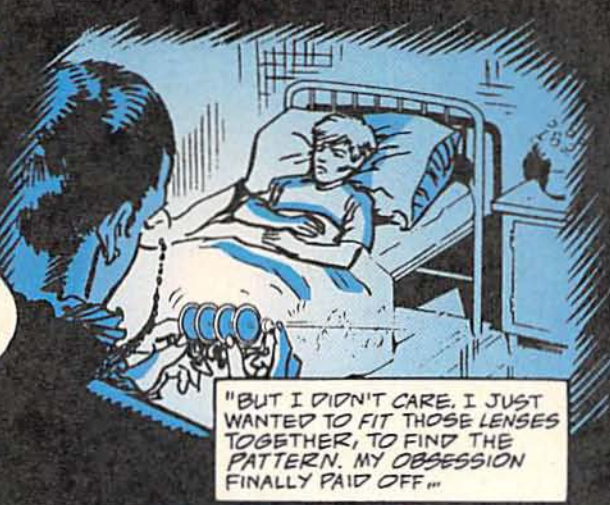
"MY SON
WAS
DYING..."

"... AND NO MAN-MADE
KNOWLEDGE COULD
PROVIDE A CURE FOR
WHAT PLAGUED HIM!"



"THE PHARMACIST AT THE APOTHECARY HAD NO LICENSE EXCEPT THE ONE LEVIATHAN HAD GRANTED."

I BELIEVE THIS WILL SHED NEW LIGHT ON YOUR PROBLEM, MRS. BALBERITH...



"BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I JUST WANTED TO FIT THOSE LENSES TOGETHER, TO FIND THE PATTERN. MY OBSESSION FINALLY PAID OFF..."



"... BOTH FOR MY PURPOSE, AS WELL AS HELL'S!"



MOMMY...?

"THE CURE HAD TAKEN... AS THE CENOBITES TOOK ME..."



I EMPATHIZE WITH YOUR TRAUMA AND LOSS, BALBERITH. BUT TAKE SOLACE IN THE FACT THAT OUR LORD LEVIATHAN HAS MANY CONFIGURATIONS.

YOUR JEREMY MAY SOMEDAY FIND A PUZZLE OF HIS OWN TO OBSESS OVER, AND JOIN YOU AGAIN IN THE DEPTHS OF HELL.

IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THERE MAY BE A HARMONY BETWEEN YOUR PRESENCE HERE AND THAT OF THE PELLUCID...

"... JUST AS THERE WAS BETWEEN ATKINS AND THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION THAT HAD RESTRUCTURED HIS FLESH."

OH, YES, MASTER, THAT'S A GREAT COMFORT!





AND JUST AS WE SEIZED
THAT BOX TO DESTROY THE
ARMORER, WE'LL WIPE
AWAY THIS OLD CRONE BY
TAKING THE LENSES
FOR OUR OWN!



SEE IF YOU
SPEAK WITH SUCH
ARROGANCE AS
CHAINS REND YOUR
FLESH, THING OF
CHAOS!



TRAAK

YOU
DEPEND TOO
MUCH ON
POWERS YOU
DON'T HAVE,
CENOBSITE!

NO CONFIGURATION
SUMMONED YOU HERE--
AND WITHOUT THAT
INVITATION, YOUR
INFERNAL MAGIC IS
USELESS!







NOW
STRIP,
LITTLE
MAIDEN...
SHOW ME
YOUR
VIRGIN'S
BODY!



BURN YOUR
CLOTHES, YOU HAVE
NO NEED OF THEM
ANY LONGER!



COME
TO MY BED,
GIRL!

DON'T TRY TO
RESIST, TRANSGRESSOR!
THERE IS NO RELEASE FROM
FOLLOWING THE ORDER OF
THE STORY HERE IN MY
MENTAL PLAYGROUND!



THE TOMB.

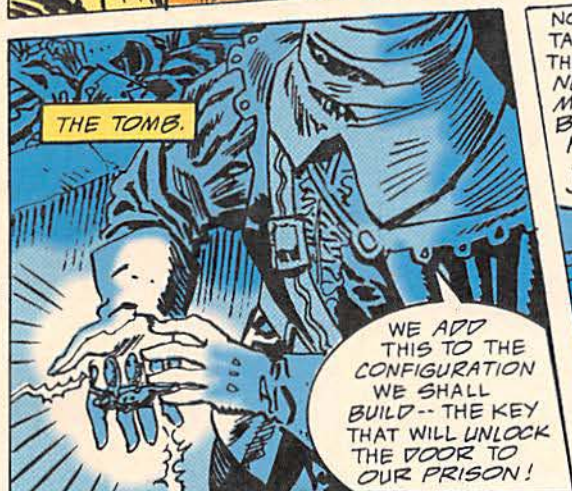
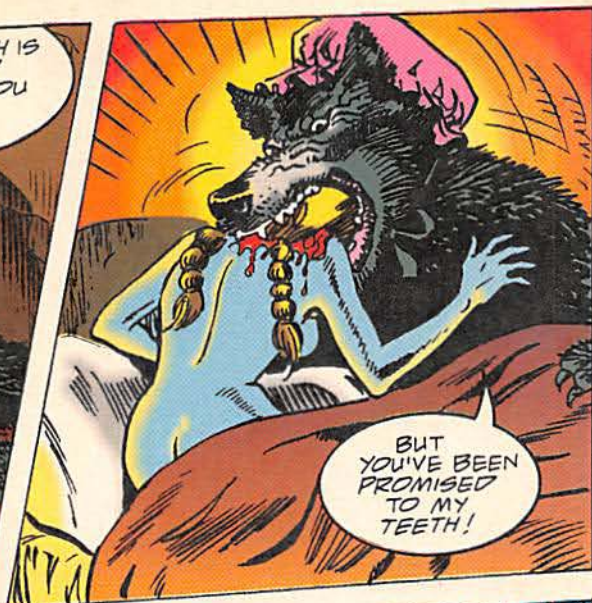
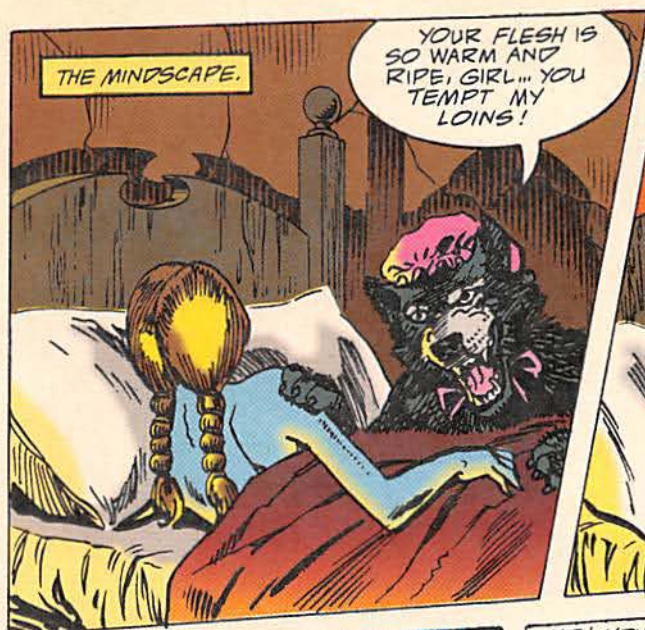
THERE
--IT'S
DONE!

YOU'VE
REDEEMED YOUR
CURSED HERITAGE,
FATHER...

SHRKRAAM



...AND GIVEN
US ANOTHER
WEAPON IN OUR
WAR AGAINST
THE INFERNO!





I NEVER
WANTED
TO GET
AWAY,
SELF.

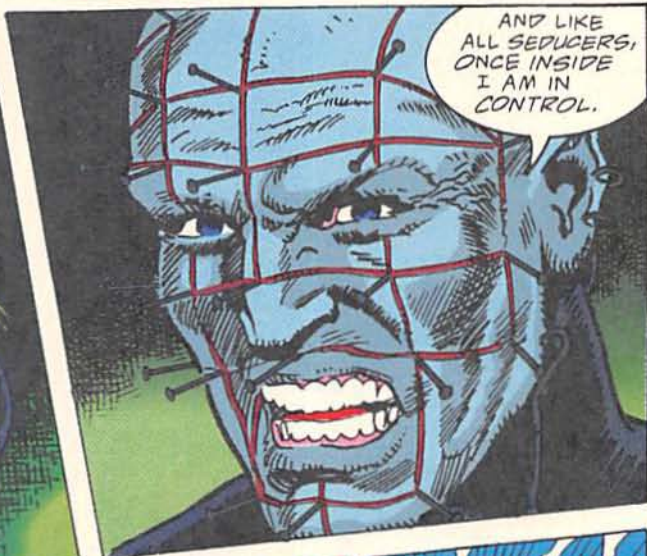


HOW--
HOW
CAN
THIS
BE?!

I WARNED YOU
THAT WE MUST NOT
UNDERESTIMATE
EACH OTHER.



YOU INSISTED ON
MAKING THE MISTAKE
OF INGESTING ME--
TAKING ME WITHIN
YOU ON THE
PLANE OF THE
MIND!



AND LIKE
ALL SEDUCERS,
ONCE INSIDE
I AM IN
CONTROL.



THE
TOMB.

WHAT
BECOMES OF
HIM NOW?

HE FIGHTS WITH
OTHER EVIL WITHIN. A
SELF-ABSORBED BATTLE
THAT WILL OCCUPY
HIM ...



...AS WE
CONTINUE AND
CONCLUDE OUR
QUEST AND
CRUSADE!

TRKOOOM



N-NO! AGGREGATE SAID YOU WOULD-- YOU WERE AWARE! YOU COULD'VE STOPPED HIM!

YOU WERE ALSO AWARE, FATHER.

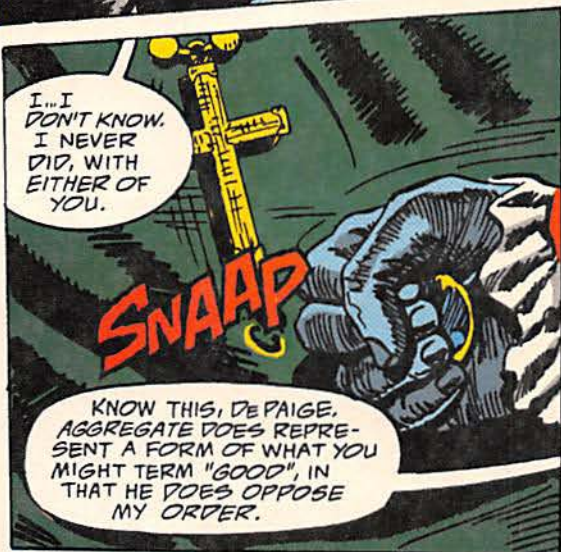


AWARE THAT YOU HOLD THE FINAL PIECE TO THE PUZZLE HE STOLE. A GIFT FROM YOUR BELOVED DEACON, NO DOUBT.



THAT DISPARITY OF ENERGIES BETWEEN THE CONFIGURATION AND ITS MISSING ELEMENT-- THAT IMBALANCE-- IS WHAT CAUSED YOUR "MIRACLES"!

WHY DID YOU NOT TELL AGGREGATE YOUR SECRET?



I... I DON'T KNOW. I NEVER DID, WITH EITHER OF YOU.

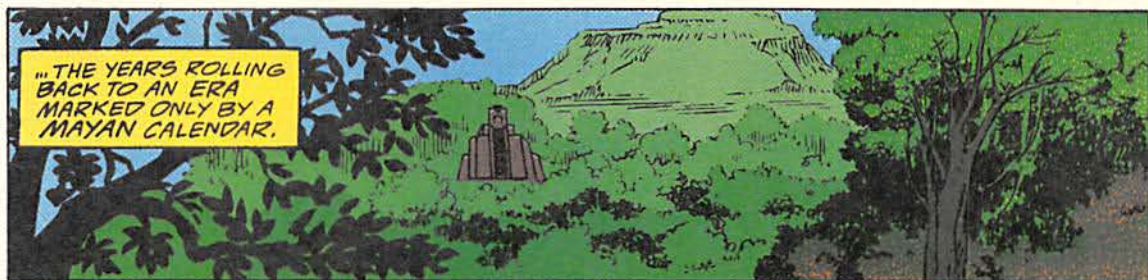
KNOW THIS, DEPAIGE. AGGREGATE DOES REPRESENT A FORM OF WHAT YOU MIGHT TERM "GOOD", IN THAT HE DOES OPPOSE MY ORDER.



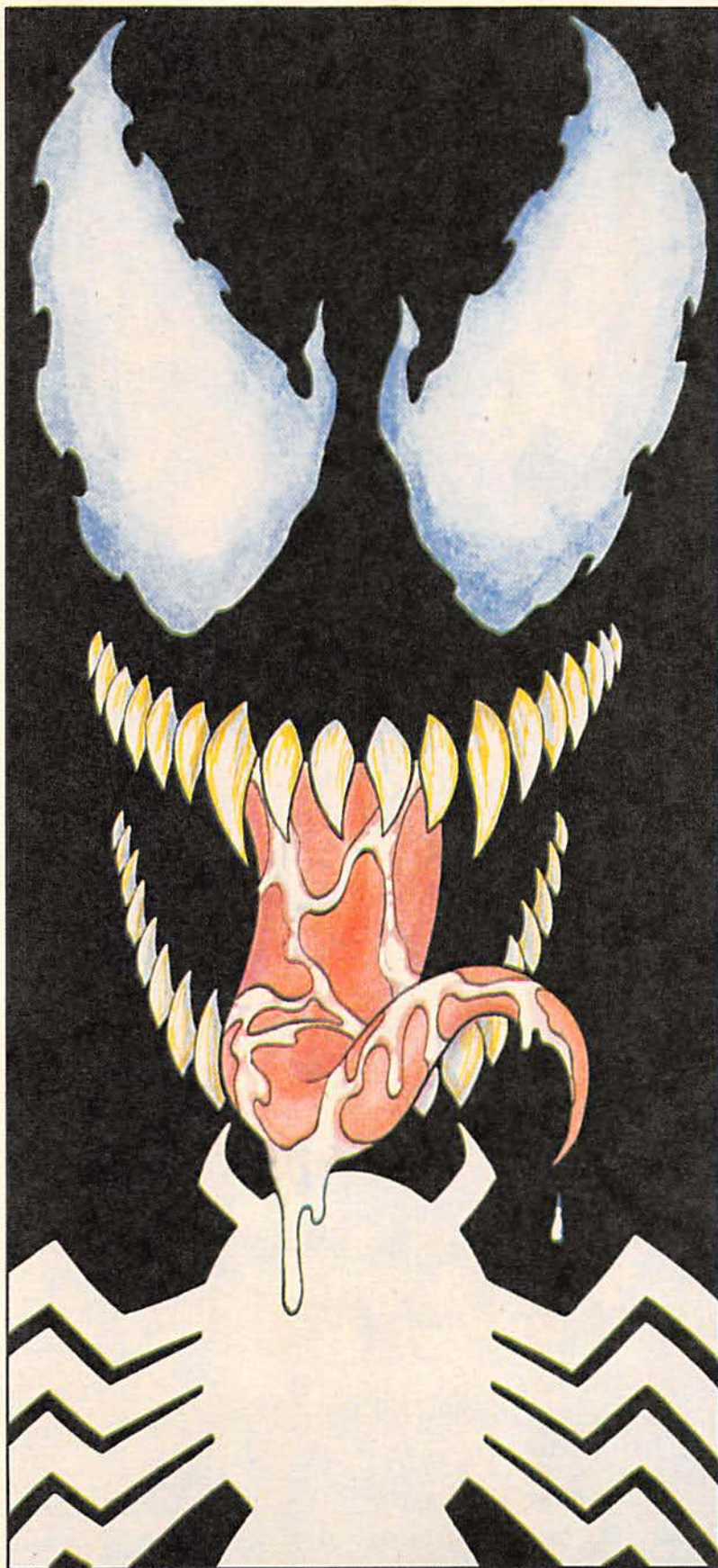
BUT THE LIGHT YOU WORSHIP HAS NO MEANING WITHOUT THE SHADOW I REPRESENT.

I WILL MAINTAIN WHAT YOU SEE AS DARKNESS, PRIEST. THIS I PROMISE.

THE FABRIC OF TIME BUCKS AND HEAVES AS IT'S ONCE MORE RAVAGED...



NEXT: IT'S MAYAN-TIME MENACE AS TRIBAL ARMIES CLASH AND FACE
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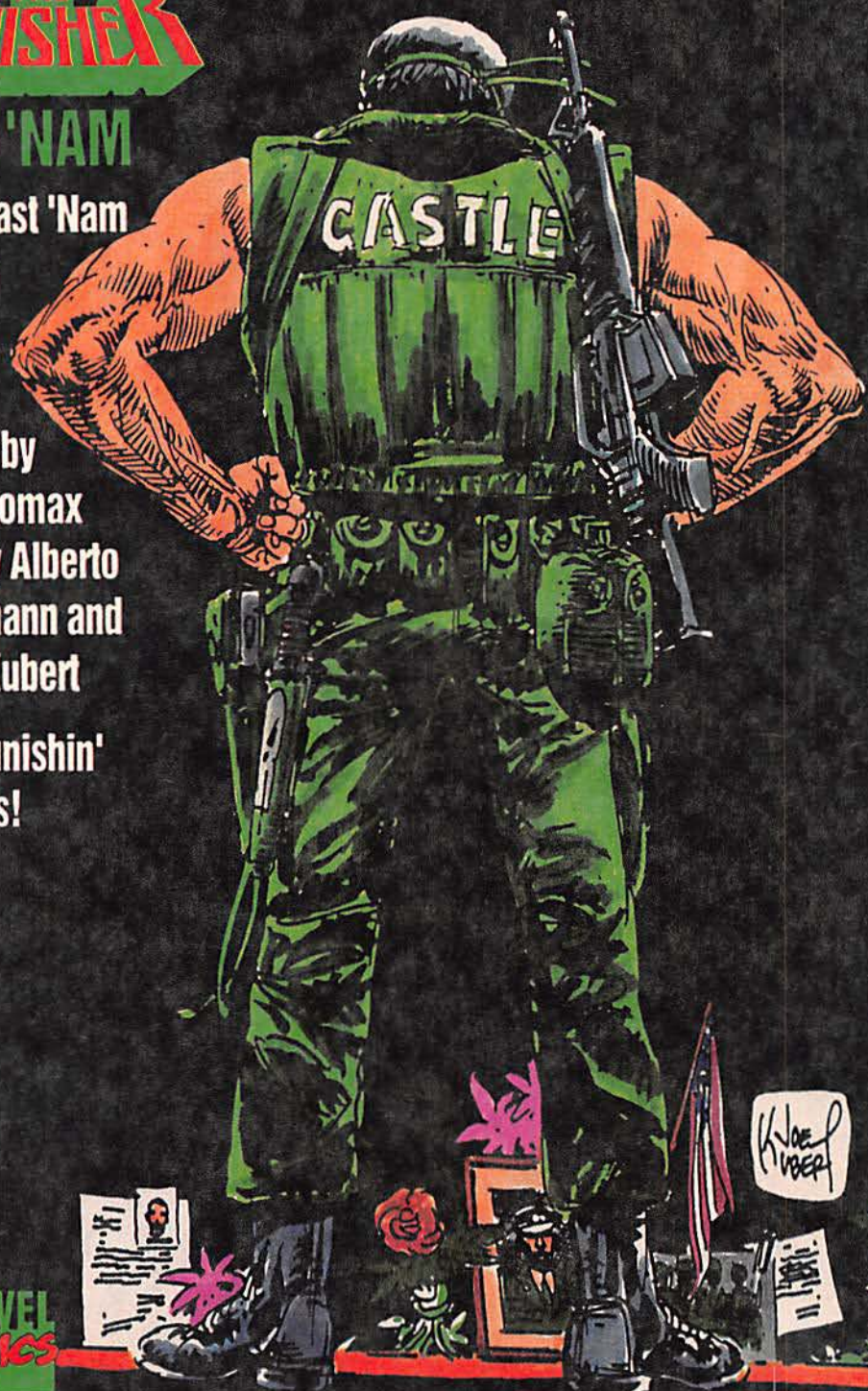
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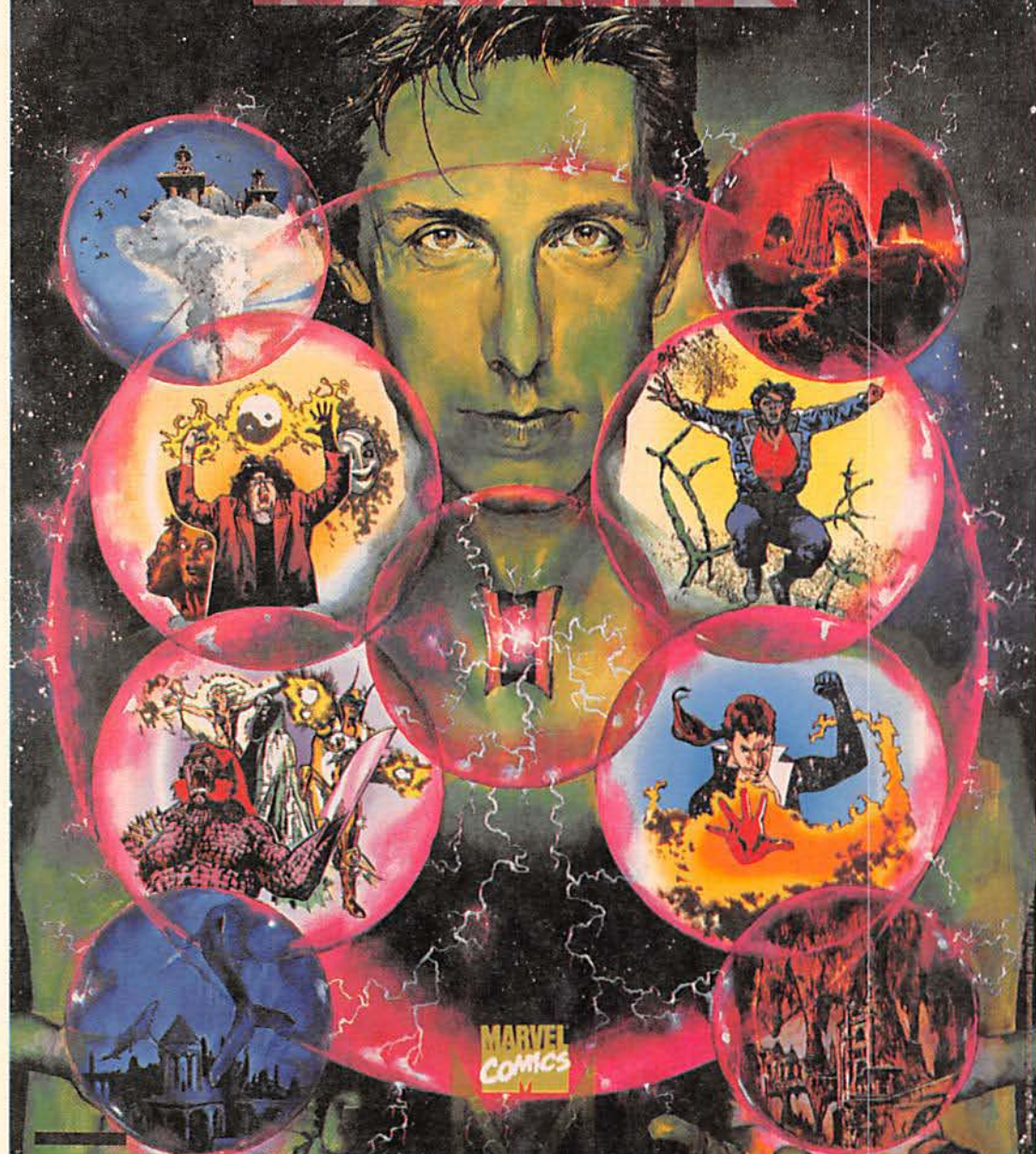


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